

## CHARIVARIA.

Those persons who doubted the sincerity of Russia's promise to evacuate Manchuria are looking rather foolish to-day.

We would respectfully direct the attention of Frenchmen on the look-out for a good investment to that of Port Arthur.

Mr. FOLEY, an Irish giant, 7 ft. 4 in. in height, from Co. Carlow, was a visitor in the public lobby of the House of Commons one day last week; but, if the Irish think we are going to be intimidated into granting them Home Rule, they are mistaken.

The observant have noticed that a different fount of type has been used for printing the cover of the Royal Academy Catalogue this year. We understand that this was done as an answer to those critics who declare that the Royal Academy never institutes reforms.

Sir E. J. POYNTER, speaking at the annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, made a strong appeal for funds to help "those who helped to make beautiful the homes of many of those present." The Royal Academy itself looks after the other painters.

A proposal to pay Members of Parliament has again been before the House, but those Members who are in favour of the innovation would do well to remember that the taxpayers might insist on getting value for their money.

At the same time we do think that, seeing that the Members have to listen to one another, some slight compensation should be given to them.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in his speech at the dinner to Mr. F. C. GOULD, omitted to draw attention to the fact that the gifted caricaturist had been correctly described as "the most valuable asset of the Liberal Party."

Mr. BARRIE's prowess in the cricket-field is matter of general knowledge; but it may not be so well known that

Mr. C. B. FRY, the famous journalist, is also something of a batsman.

The site originally selected at the Hague for a Palace of Peace as a memorial of the Czar's proposals, is called the Bosch. But, of course, the word may have a different meaning for the Dutch.

A Corsican mayor and his friends

People who are in favour of increasing the rates—Motorists.

The report that there are 46,719 total abstainers in the British Army is welcome news, but what grieves recruiting officers is the number of total abstainers from the British Army.

Mr. CARNEGIE's work, *The Gospel of Wealth*, has a steady circulation. The author has just presented a copy to Kettering Free Library.

King PETER of Serbia denies the rumour that he is about to abdicate. He may have to do it all the same. He should not have expelled the *Daily Mail* correspondent.

English waiters have been protesting against being elbowed out by foreigners. The grievance is a legitimate one, but we think the cry, "We want justice. How long shall we have to wait?" an unfortunate way of putting it.

A member of the Reichstag has declared that the British Navy is becoming a danger to Germany. We sincerely hope he has not been misinformed as to its dangerous character.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CHURCH DISORDERS.—We understand that inquiry is to be made as to the "alleged prevalence of breaches" among our Bishops.

*London Opinion* has been inviting contributions to "an open discussion introduced by SARAH GRAND" on the subject, "Should Women Emigrate???" The rate of payment offered is no less than ten shillings per letter. How munificent after the beggarly two shillings a word received by one of our most popular writers of magazine fiction!

GENTLEMAN or LADY finds chargeless residence in a fashionable bath during the summer for English Conversation Lessons.

Advt. in "*Daily News*."

We recommend this "situation" to the charming authors of *The Bath Comedy*.

HOUSEHOLD CARVER'S PROVERB.—"What's underdone cannot be helped." (At least, it oughtn't to be.)



"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

(Cheerful Passage in the Life of a Whiteside Holiday-maker.)

barricaded themselves in a polling booth, and flung out of the window the dead body of a delegate sent to interview them by the opposition party. In England this would be illegal.

The plague of gnats reported from many parts of the country has not yet invaded Buckingham Palace; but the *Morning Post*, in an interesting historical article on the Nicuaguan trouble, reminds us that at one time the Mosquitoes actually placed themselves under JAMES THE SECOND.

## A HIGH PRIEST OF BACCHUS.

["Prime Minister's Eloquent Defence of Alcohol."

"Brewers win by 157."

"Mr. Balfour's Tribute to the Efficacy of Drink."

—Radical Headlines on Second Reading of Licensing Bill.]

ARTHUR, they did you wrong, those fools and blind  
Who deemed you had no settled views to give,  
Who loosely pictured you with open mind,  
Constructed like the Danaid's leaky sieve,  
Paddling about

In devious pools of philosophic doubt!

They judged too soon; they had not heard you yet  
Upon a theme that closely touched your heart;  
Nor seen you stand with courage firmly set,  
And in a voice where Passion strove with Art

Loudly extol

The efficacious charms of Alcohol!

Was this their "Pretty FANNY"? this the vain  
Young thing they jested at a while ago?

They should have rather dubbed you "Roaring JANE,"

Not from our brilliant naval expert, no,

Not FREDERICK T.,

But after Mistress CAKEHEAD (R.I.P.)

What though about your fiscal point of view  
A certain fog at times has seemed to hang?

No sort of vapour masked the obvious blue

Then when you rose and in a voice that rang

Convinced and clear

Reminded members what they owed to Beer.

Long time among your ranks a vague unrest  
Had left you preternaturally bored;

But now you had that swelling in the chest

Which comes of loyal confidence restored,

And gave it tongue,

Backed by the serried armaments of Bung!

At length you knew, with heart uplifted high,

The awful joy of making up your mind;

An unaccustomed fire possessed your eye,

Haunted no more by mutineers behind,

Or doubts within,

To mar your jocund eulogies of Gin!

I was not there: I missed that moving scene,

And so was duped by your reported plea

For sober habits and the temperate mean,

Your praise of that financial honesty

Which should occur

Even inside a strict teetotaller!

How could I gather from the literal word

That you were briefed to boom the poisoned cup?

Yet an impartial Press was there and heard,

And those resumptive headlines show you up

In streams of ink

As England's Champion Advocate of Drink!

O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—Of course it is not absolutely necessary, yet it may be as well to notify to the less informed portion of the public that the "PUNCH & Co." mentioned in the recent case of "*Sievier v. Duke*," before Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, is not in the remotest sort of way connected with "*Mr. Punch*," the one and only possessor of that honoured name, whose palatial residence in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, is "the hub of the universe."

## M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VI.

"My faith," said BOUDIN a few mornings ago, as he put down the *Times*, which he had been studying for some time with great absorption, "my faith, but he is a great man, your Mr. BALFOUR. Word of honour, I take off my hat to him and I make him a reverence of the most humble. He have piqued me the heart with his speech."

I admit I was pleased, for a good many of us here in England, I fancy, are rather proud of our BALFOUR and think him a striking statesman of sagacious and highly disinterested principles. The difficulty, of course, is to get a foreigner to agree with us. Most of them seem never to have heard of him. I met an Austrian last month who was thoroughly up in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but when I put in a word for ARTHUR BALFOUR he looked quite blank. I was all the more glad, therefore, to find BOUDIN so appreciative:—

"Yes, my dear BOUDIN," I said, "he really is a great man, and, besides that, he has a most extraordinary courtesy to his opponents, a charm of manner which makes people love him even when they most disagree with him, a kind of graceful politeness, a *je ne sais quoi*, which——"

"Ah, that is it," cried BOUDIN ecstatically, "I do not speak of his courtesy so *chevaleresque*, nor of his graceful politeness. It is the *je ne sais quoi* which I mean. You have said it, my brave, and you have said it in French which is, by blue, the only language which serves to describe a man so remarkable."

"Oh, for the matter of that," said I, "I could describe him in English fast enough, only I thought——"

"Yes, you thought, admirable man that you are, that for me it would be easy if you do it in French. Here, you say to yourself, is that poor BOUDIN, that Frenchman so ignorant and so *grossier*, he will not understand our Mr. BALFOUR in English; for BOUDIN's sake I use a French phrase—and, *sapristi*, you do it, and it is BOUDIN who is profoundly touched with what you do for him."

I didn't want to let him drivel along on that line, so I harked back:

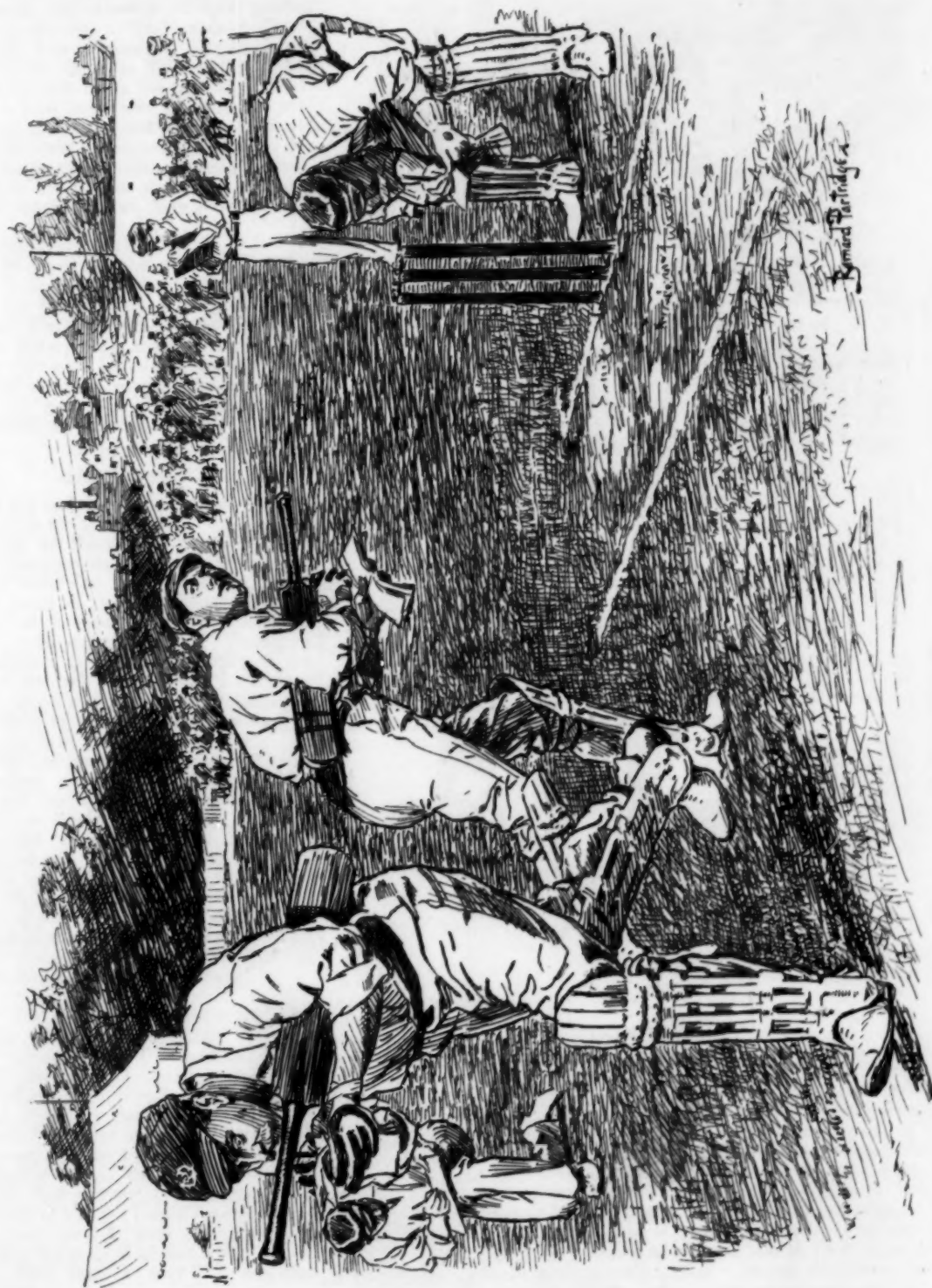
"But, BOUDIN," I asked, "what is it that has struck you so particularly to-day about Mr. BALFOUR?"

"Here he is," said BOUDIN, taking up the *Times* and adjusting his pince-nez. "He speak about a Licensing Bill, which, my faith, I do not understand and I do not mix myself with it, and someone ask him who is to compensate the widow and the son and the daughter who have been ruined by the publicans, and he say, 'Sir,' he say, 'these people are ruined by their gross and criminal self-indulgence. The fault,' he say, 'lies with the drunkard, with the man who cannot control his appetites.' And he compare him to members of Parliament and say the man drink more than members of Parliament who never drink too much, and he blame him, word of honour, he blame him for"—he read this with great deliberation—"for the lack of manly self-control which is necessary to resist temptation." I tell you, my fine fellow, your Mr. BALFOUR he speak like a *père noble* in the theatre. Have you ever hear the *père noble* speak?"

"Yes, but how——"

"Well, you know, the *père noble* he has a bald head with white favourites—that is to say, whiskers—and he has a big waistcoat beautifully arounded and a thick gold watch-chain, and he speak the most beautiful things about virtue and honour and modesty, and he say long *tirades* very vehement against wicked men and vice, and oh, but he is a dear little innocent white lamb this *père noble*—and that is, I think, your Mr. BALFOUR when he speak of the laborious classes and the lack of manly self-control, and, *enfin*, all that heap of nonsense I read to you from the *Times*."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said warmly, "I cannot allow you to



## SPOILING SPORT.

[Most of our prominent cricketers are now engaged as expert reporters by various journals.]



SCOTTISH STORY.



impeach the sincerity of our public men in that way. Mr. BALFOUR—"

"Oh, it is not your Mr. BALFOUR alone. We have them in France, too, these deputies who think the poor man whose life is hard and whose pleasures are not many, my old fellow—that he shall always resist, resist, resist, and if he do not resist the temptation, well, he shall sink to the bottom of the sea, and we shall thank God we have sent there so poor a type."

"Well, why not?" I asked.

"And you too; *et tu, Brute!* Make him less the temptation, *sapristi*, and in the end you make him stronger, the poor man. But to talk like a *père noble* is to talk like a *ombog*, and it is not the less true because it is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so. Come, we will go out in Hyde Park, and you shall tell me innocent stories."

#### MEKE VACUUM.

I WAS conscious of an unusual something in the air as I walked up the street to call on MABEL, something between a motor-car marking time and the bursting of a waterpipe. Still meditating as to the cause of the disturbance I came in view of the house, and my heart stood still at the sight before me. Through a turbulent crowd which overflowed the road into the front garden I caught a glimpse of a scarlet engine, and through a cloud of white smoke I saw the firemen's hose-pipes trailing down, like white serpents, from each doomed window. The vision of MABEL in flames roused me to frenzy, and pressing my top hat firmly on my head I dashed through the crowd and into the open front-door. The hall and ground floor were crowded by strange men pulling at the heavy furniture, or running the hose-pipes up the stairs, while in the back-ground, pale and excited, stood the pretty parlour-maid. I seized her shoulder and shook it frantically.

"Are they all out!" I cried.

"Lor' no, Sir!" she said in a startled voice; "they're all upstairs!"

"Great heavens!" I ejaculated, "what are they doing?—looking after their jewellery, I suppose." And disregarding the angry glances of the men, who seemed to resent my remark, I leaped up the stairs to the drawing-room door, and, flinging it open, stood transfixed by the sight that met my eyes. MABEL, BERTIE her small brother, BERTIE's governess and MABEL's mother were sitting serenely about the room at afternoon tea.

"Isn't there a fire?" I remarked feebly.

BERTIE laughed aloud, but MABEL, with her sweet eyes on mine, replied: "No, it's only the vacuum cleaner at work."



#### "DON'T POINT!"

Tommy (remembering his mother's lecture on the subject). "Oh, MUMMY DEAR, ISN'T THAT VERY RUDE?"

MABEL's mother said: "Really, Mr. GREEN, you startled me dreadfully!"

BERTIE's governess said: "Indeed, yes." And all the while I was conscious of the little beast they call *Flipsie*—one of those waistcoat-pocket pet dogs, a cross between a rat and a spider—making a tour round my boots and growling diminutive thunder to itself.

I should have married MABEL last autumn if it hadn't been for *Flipsie*. *Flipsie* ruled the house with absolute authority, and from the first had declined to look favourably on me or my suit.

MABEL's mother chose her friends, servants and tradespeople according to *Flipsie's* unerring instinct—and I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"What a marvellous thing instinct is!" said MABEL's mother; "his intelligence penetrates where ours fails. All that is hidden from us is laid bare to him. Do you remember what an extraordinary aversion he had to the green-grocer—a fair-spoken young man—who afterwards forged his master's name and attempted to murder his aunt?"

At that moment I felt ready for a life

of crime myself, but I merely asked MABEL in a low voice if she would show me the cleaner at work. She rose with alacrity, but her mother interposed.

"BERTIE will be delighted to show you, Mr. GREEN."

I followed BERTIE. A man was wandering up and down, directing the end of a hose-pipe along the carpet, the large open-mouthed nozzle of which sucked up all dirt, dust, fluff and feathers, and in fact all unconsidered trifles that came in its reach. The man's attention was somewhat distracted by the presence of the pretty parlour-maid in an adjoining room, and presently, after warning BERTIE not to go too near, he left the pipe and went to help her hang a pair of curtains. No sooner was his back turned than BERTIE swiftly slipped an open paper under the gaping mouth of the vacuum pipe. Instantly the paper was licked up with all its contents.

"What's that?" I said.

"Oh, only my night powders," he replied gleefully; "now I'm going to fetch that lace collar they make me wear, and my toothbrush. I say, it's a pity you haven't got yours with you."

As he ran out of the room an idea struck me which in the sequel led the way to MABEL and matrimony. Ever since I left the drawing-room *Flipsie* had been dangling attentions, as usual, on my boots—my furtive but vicious kicks only strengthening the bond between us. The aperture of the pipe lay upturned on the carpet, sucking in the air with an uncanny swish. I approached my patent leather boot with *Flipsie* in attendance nearer and nearer, till only five inches divided us, and then I gave my foot a frantic wrench back to counteract the horrid pull that suddenly dragged it—like a steel filing to a magnet—into the vortex of this domestic maelstrom. I wrenched myself free and looked down with a strangely beating heart. *Flipsie* had disappeared!

Hastening through the door, I upset BERTIE and a miscellaneous collection he was carrying, amongst which I noticed the governess's *pince-nez*, a book of five-finger exercises, and a pat of soap. I dashed downstairs, hailed a passing hansom, and fled the scene.

Three days later I received the following message from MABEL:—

"We have lost our darling *Flipsie*; he must have strayed away when the cleaners were here. Our grief seems to have drawn us closer together, and Mamma wants you to come to dinner to-night, and bring your music. She says that personally she always liked you. Poor darling *Flipsie*!—Yours, MABEL."

"P.S.—The vacuum people have written most insultingly to Mamma, saying the dirt in our house was so abnormal it has quite choked their pipes."

## THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

(Latest version.)

### THE GAME.

I. A match is played between two sides of eleven ready-writers each. Each side has two innings and a reserve supply of pens and ink.

### APPOINTMENT OF UMPIRES.

II. Before the commencement of the match two umpires shall be appointed, one for each end. They must both write a clear hand and be proficient spellers.

### APPOINTMENT OF MESSENGERS.

III. Before the commencement of the match twenty-four messengers shall be appointed, one for each player and umpire, to convey copy to the telegraph office.

### THE BALL.

IV. The ball shall weigh not less than five ounces and a half, when filled with ink. At the beginning of each innings it must be re-filled.

### THE BAT.

V. The bat shall not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length. It must contain a fountain pen in the handle, like a sword-stick.

### THE PEN.

VI. The pen must not be more than eight inches in length, and must be made of some unbreakable substance in case the ball strikes it. Every player must carry two.

### THE PENCIL.

VII. The pencil must be protected by a shield over the point. This is known as a cover point.

### THE PADS.

VIII. The pads must be blotting pads.

### PLAY.

IX. At the beginning of the match, and of each innings, the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall call "Write."

### DICTIONARIES.

X. No dictionary or thesaurus shall be allowed on the ground; but the pavilion must be full of them.

### ORTHOGRAPHY.

XI. Umpires may be consulted as to the correct spelling of a word only when a batsman is out.

### THE BOWLER.

XII. The bowler may be allowed to make notes between the delivery of each ball. While he is doing so the ball shall be considered dead.

### THE WICKET-KEEPER.

XIII. The wicket-keeper may rest his writing-pad on the top of the stumps,

but he must not remove the bails in doing so.

### THE FIELDSMEN.

XIV. Short leg must know shorthand.

### THE ROLLER.

XV. The roller is to be used only after the completion of an innings. Players should place their writing-pads beneath it in order that the crease may be taken out of their style.

### THE STRIKER.

XVI. The striker shall be out if in his report of the match he splits an infinitive;

XVII. Or if while stepping out to set down a good adjective he draws his foot over the popping-crease, and the wicket-keeper, abandoning his pen for the moment, stumps him;

XVIII. Or if he writes "and which;"

XIX. Or if in running he obstructs the field by jogging the arm of anyone who is writing.

### WRITER'S CRAMP.

XX. The match shall be considered drawn when more than four players on either side are incapacitated by writer's cramp.

## THE ANTI-MEAT MOVEMENT.

A GREAT meeting was held at the Albert Hall on Saturday last to discuss the subject of national diet, with special reference to the growing tendency to abstain from flesh foods, as recommended by Dr. HAIG.

Lord AVEBURY, who occupied the chair, said that bees, who were man's superior in almost every department except, perhaps, banking—his own banks he would remark, in the poet's phrase, were "furnished with bees"—were strict believers in the HAIG convention, if he might be allowed a pleasantry. It was, he would remind them, after office hours. No bee was ever known to eat a beef-steak, yet their polity was beyond praise.

M. CARAMELO, the *chef* of the Churchill Restaurant, who spoke under the influence of strong emotion, declared that unless this pernicious habit of low feeding were to be checked, the most refined of the arts would perish in inanition. Only the night before, an aristocratic party from the Opera came in to supper and ordered a dish of nut cutlets. On his refusal to prepare these ignoble viands, they promptly withdrew to a vegetarian restaurant in the Strand.

Mrs. EARLE said that her only objection to Dr. HAIG's system was the omission of goats' milk from the *régime*. Goats' milk was an essential to health, although among the milkers the rate of mortality was high. This was because they were not sufficiently padded. Since the death





## SUBTLE.

"AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OFF YOUR GAME THIS MORNING, MR. SMYTHE?"

"OH, I'M NOT PLAYING THIS MORNING, MISS BERTHA. ONLY JUST AMUSING MYSELF."

of the Piccadilly Goat the vital statistics for that thoroughfare showed a marked deterioration.

Mr. B. T. BOSANQUET, who described himself as a confirmed Fruitarian, declared that the success of the M.C.C. Team in Australia was due practically entirely to their devotion to Plum.

Colonel ALFRED NUTT, the Folk Lorient, said that he had been browsing upon his surname for many years with complete success. Scandinavian mythology, no less than the aboriginal legends of Northern Australia, pointed to the excellence of the HAIG menu. In his old home in Brazil, where, he would remind the company, the NUTTS come from, all the strongest men were followers of HAIG.

Sir GILBERT PARKER said that, Imperial cheese being one of the chief products of Canada, he had recently purchased a residence in Wensleydale, which was called by his facetious friends the Seat of the Mity. But at the same time he was far from denying the merits of a good moose steak.

The Secretary of the Beefsteak Club said that the dietary of a certain section of the members was reducing the name of the Club to the condition of a *lucus a non lucendo*. Apart from that the

financial results of the new habit were most serious. A large number of members never took anything for lunch or dinner but what was included in their table money, and it was impossible to run the kitchen at a profit on these terms. The cook had already left because he was sick of making nothing but milk puddings, and his successor already showed signs of lively dissatisfaction.

Mr. W. R. CREMER, who won the Nobel Prize for the excellence of his Model Dairies, said that there was no doubt that the cow was the best friend of man. In the season all Society went to COWES. (*Sensation, during which Mr. CREMER was whipped and clotted.*)

Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF stated that all his life he had been an impassioned botanist, but he was obliged to admit that for the manufacture and chronicling of *bons mots* it was impossible to dispense with a carnivorous dietary. As CÆSAR remarked in his immortal work, *cibus eorum lacte caseo carne constat*. The imperfect appreciation of humour which characterised the Scotch was, in his opinion, due to their excessive addiction to porridge. He noticed that the best things were always said at the tables of the carnivorous

and not at the vegetable. "I remember," continued Sir MOUNTSTUART, "attending a vegetarian banquet, at which the best thing said was, 'When is a collie dog not a collie dog?' the answer being 'When it is a cauliflower.' When I related this to GOSCHEN at GRILLION'S next morning he said, 'Didn't it give you the colliewobbles?'"

At this point the Chairman abruptly called for a show of hands, which gave a pronounced majority to the carnivores, and the meeting broke up to the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England," tastefully intoned upon the grand organ.

## From the "Jersey Times."

"The Emperor and Empress to-day unveiled in the Thiergarten a statue of the Emperor WILLIAM I. The Emperor looked well and sunburnt."

Yes, but which Emperor?—or perhaps they were both nicely bronzed.

By the courtesy of the Admiralty H.M.S. *Buzzard* has been anchored as a permanent guardship of honour immediately opposite the approach to Mr. Punch's offices in Bouverie Street. The compliment is much appreciated.

## OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

v.

*Grand Hôtel Bellevue,  
Port Arthur, Manchuria.*

It would not at all surprise me, Eminent Sir (since it seems you are so faint-hearted a fishmonger as to cry down your piscine merchandise for too closely resembling a *post mortem* whale!) to find that you will once more caution your readers that they are only to swallow my above address with a very large saline grain! [ED. COM.—We must admit that the idea had occurred to us.]

How well did the late King Lear exclaim: "Blow me, thou winter wind, you do not crack my cheek so unkindly as the serpentine tooth of a thankless editorial!" I garble from memory, as these outlandish neighbourhoods do not possess any *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations*.

Doubtless you will wring your withers, like a wincing and jaded Gaul, under the lash of my *seva indignatio*—but I am not a mere Free Trader that I can take a kick in my nether regions lying down! [ED. COM.—What on earth have we done now?]

I would respectfully ask: is it first-class cricket to hit me below my unarmoured belt with the insinuation that I am pulling your leg-before-wicket? It is vanity to deny that I have caught you out as the fragrant derelict—for under your velvet glove I detect a cloven hoof in all its naked hideousness! [ED. COM.—We are at a loss to conceive how we can have deserved this ferocious metaphor.]

Still, as Hon'ble ISAAC WALTON said to his favourite lap-hound, after it had carelessly devoured his inimitable treatise on *The Laws of Gravitation*: "Diamond, Diamond, Evil is wrought by want of Thought, as well as want of Heart!"

So perhaps you did not anticipate the panting anxiety with which I, as a stranger in a savage locality where there is only one postal delivery *per diem*, and none at all on Sundays, was awaiting the arrival of the copy of *Punch* containing the first instalment of my egregious lucubrations!

Otherwise, surely, surely you would not have inserted so many insidious fleas in my defenceless ear!

It is true that you commenced with the flattering compliment of a notice that my contribution was published "under considerable reserve," thereby betraying that at least you deemed them worthy of protection against the piracies of rival periodicals.

But, lack-a-daisy! you proceeded to interpolate sundry notes and comments, which (whether so intended or not) must infallibly produce the unimpeachable impression that you do not regard myself as an absolute *bona fide*!

I venture to think, Sir, that such a breach of ordinary Punic faith entitles me to pose as an injured innocent—even if I should not demand legal damages for defamation of my character!

As for the very mediocre *honorarium* forwarded by same mail (receipt of which I beg to acknowledge with thanks) I may remark, like Hon'ble SAMUEL JOHNSON in his preface to *Boswell's Dictionary of National Biography*, "had it been bigger it had been kinder."

But whether or no you should deem it politic to heal my wounded pride with a fresh supply of golden ointment (no fleas in it *this time*!) I must obsequiously insist that you are to cease these petty and carping criticisms in futurity!

Remember that the late Hon'ble Laureate TENNYSON, in his address to a plump head-waiter at Cock Hotel, London, desired that he was to "trust him all in all, or not at all"—and what is the worth of friendship if it cannot endure such a simple test as the Confidence Trick?

I scorn to justify myself! Good Champagne wine needs

no gooseberry bush—and I can well afford to let sleepy dogs go on with their lying.

Having thus placed my bone of contention in your Honour's eye, we may consider the incident closed, and I will promise not to again allude to so sore a subject.

Except by saying that, if you should consider my said present address too farfetched for plausibility, that is simply because you are making late Lord SALISBURY's mistake of studying too large a map.

My own pocket ordnance chart gives the distance from Korea to Port Arthur as not more than one inch, three quarters.

But to me it is the matter of total indifference whether it is an inch or an ell! It is enough for me that I have safely traversed it, and not on mere *Punch* business—but as bearer of secret instructions from my hon'ble friend Col. KHAKIMONO, who (being only a native of Nippon) has more implicit confidence in my veracity than certain sceptical European editorial *quidnuncs*!

For it seems he has been stuffed up with flattering tales of hope from Tokyo War Dept. that Port Arthur was already in the pretty kettle of fish, if not actually in the soup; and, being desirous of somewhat more ocular information, he requested myself to proceed on the spot, and bring him back my impressions of the final cataclysms.

So, being duly furnished by him with passport, Cook's circular return coupons (available for one month only) and introductory epistles to the Governor and Port-Admirals, I started for my hazardous mission, on pins and needles lest, like backward grass, I should not come up till after the starving steed had been stolen.

But hoity-toity! my fears proved to be totally chimerical, and already I am convinced that Col. K. has been too sanguinely counting a chicken which is not yet even new laid!

For, so far are the inhabitants from contemplating the slightest surrender that they do not admit that they are at all inconvenienced by so trumpery a bombardment—but are piping precisely as though in times of peace! [ED. COM.—We feel a delicacy in venturing any remark that might further wound Mr. JABBERJEE's feelings—but it is really too obvious that his circumstantial description cannot have been based on personal observation; he seems to have been inspired by certain telegrams which were being circulated, about a month ago, from St. Petersburg.]

I have secured a suite of apartments, with excellent view of bombardment, as pensioner at above hotel, and am transported with amazement at the general tranquillity and gaiety.

The Bathing Season is now in a full swing, and the Promenade and fashionable pastrycookshops are full as an egg with elegant *beau mondes* and *élites*, while there is not a backseat to be hired in any of the theatres.

At night the entire neighbourhood is brilliantly illuminated by splendid searchlamps.

LATER.—There are pleasure yachts which will, for cost of one rouble per head (children half-price) take excursionists on a sailing jaunt round the Japanese blockading-junks, but I have not yet accomplished this trip, owing to the fact that, at present, the fleet is not yet in sight, to the inconsolable disappointment of all visitors.

Even when it does appear on some offing or other, I am informed that their bombshells are so amateurishly aimed that they fall ludicrously short, to blush unseen in unfathomed ocean caves. It is true that one cannon-ball did, a few days since, descend into a goat-sledge which was stationed near one of the bandstands—but fortunately the vehicle was untenanted by any puerile occupant, and the goat, though severely shaken, is now able to return to his ordinary duties.

I am utterly astounded at the temerity of Hon'ble Admiral



Toko in thus persisting in besieging a citadel after being magnanimously warned by all its leading inhabitants that it is totally impregnable!

Moreover, there are innumerable armour-clad Leviathans lying snug in the docks, which are fully competent, so soon as Russia should condescend to assume an offensive demeanour, to blow any blockading squadrons into a cocked hat.

Some of the aforesaid Leviathans are perforated with rather extensive orifices, but this, I am assured, is simply to improve the ventilation between their decks.

Altogether I have the shrewd suspicion that the Japanese officials—with a disregard for nude Truth which is, I fear, too characteristic of some Orientalists!—have been sedulously sprinkling a peck of dust in the World's eye, by circulating barefaced taradiddles originally intended for their own marines!

It is out of the question that I can waste more of my precious time by burning daylight in such a mere health-resort, so I have packed up my traps, inquired for my bill, and am now to return to Korea, where at least there is more going on of which I can make a copy.

P.S.—Have just seen bill. O my gracious goodness! Please send me some more pocket-money *instantly*.

H. B. J.

#### THE POINT OF VIEW.

The *Daily Mail* has arranged with a number of leading cricketers to telegraph the point of view of their side after every day's cricket. Mr. *Punch*, as usual, goes further, and has arranged for the point of view of a great variety of other antagonists, including some cricketers.

##### THE LOAMSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was never good; it was awful when I was in.

RUMJIBUNJI batted freely.

The ball often broke.

C. B. ROAST had no luck.

The grass was green.

I could not get my eye in.

BOBBY CAIN gave no chances.

We drew stumps exactly on time.

A. C. MACNYREN,

Captain.

##### THE BUMPSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was superb.

RUMJIBUNJI was very cramped in style.

The rain kept off.

C. B. ROAST was very lucky.

MACNYREN got his eye in at once, but was bowled by a beauty.

BOBBY CAIN gave several chances.

We were late in beginning.

H. B. MUMMERY,

Captain.



#### QUITE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

He. "DON'T YOU MAKE ANY MISTAKE. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU."

She. "CAN'T POSSIBLY GUESS THE EXACT AMOUNT, BUT I'LL GUARANTEE NOT HALF SO MUCH AS I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF!"

##### THE MAGISTRATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

Three months' hard labour.

##### THE BURGLAR'S POINT OF VIEW.

The magistrate was most unfair.

The policeman was a liar.

I stood in the dock without a quiver.

Three months is absurd!

I shall do it again directly I come out.

##### THE HUNTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

One of the best runs of the season.

Good scent all the way.

Sir HEAVYSTONE STOGDON unfortunately fell at a stiff bank and broke his collar bone.

At the last moment, I regret to say, the fox got away.

##### THE FOX'S POINT OF VIEW.

So tired I can hardly write.

The worst and hardest run I ever remember.

I am glad to say that one man fell and was hurt.

At the last moment, when death seemed certain and not unwelcome, I escaped.

##### THE PUBLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The publisher of *The Albino Agnostic* is confident that in this book he has discovered a work of genius worthy to rank with *Feverel of the Freak* and *Robert Hellnear*. Never in his experience can he recall anything to compare with the *frisson* which he experienced on reading, &c., &c.

##### THE SANE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Rubbish.

"RUSSIAN NAVAL APPOINTMENT."—Very satisfactory we hope. Rather more so than recent Russian Naval Disappointments.



### THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

*First Budding General.* "I SAY, IS THAT JOHNNIE ON THE HILL A SCOUT OR A WRETCHED CIVILIAN?"  
*Second Budding General.* "MY DEAR CHAP, DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A SORT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES?"

### FABLES.

I.

THE giddy fly paused in his circumvolatory exercises.

"It is undeniable," said he, "that the flame of a candle exerts a powerful fascination. But it is equally undeniable that to venture too close to it would be the height of folly, folly from which disastrous consequences would inevitably ensue. Briefly to review such consequences: I should perish. My untimely end would effectually wreck all my hopes and plans for future prosperity; my home would be desolated, my family rendered destitute, and I should leave behind me, in place of an honoured memory, sorrow and shame to the third generation. Shall I commit a folly so criminal, a crime so foolish?"

Having soliloquised thus, he entered the flame.

II.

On a certain fine day in India you led a horse to the water, but you could not make him drink.

So you gave him what for.

Then you tried again, and again you could not make him drink.

So you cursed his stupidity, and taught him a lesson.

And a third time you tried, and a third time you failed to make him drink.

Then you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity. Indeed, you swore most earnestly, alandering the creature's ancestry and blaspheming his gods. After which you seized the rein, and, stepping into the river,

tried to pull the brute in, for he was nearly dropping with the drought of a fervent Indian noon.

I heard the Mugger laugh as he grabbed your leg.

### THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

THE *Scotsman* I ken, for the grocer sends hame  
 The butter an' eggs wrappit up in the same;  
 An' the *Times* I hae read, for I foun' it, ye see,  
 Tied roun' a bit paircel I had frae Dundee.

Wi' sic a wide readin' ye a' maun confess  
 I ken a wee pickle aboot the warl's press,  
 But in a' o' my studies I never hae yet  
 Seen aucht to compare wi' oor *Anster\* Gazette*.

Your *Times* an' your *Scotsman* are jist a fair fash  
 Wi' their politics, furrin affairs an' sic trash,  
 But as for real news, gin ye're wishin' to ken  
 What's daein' in Anster, why, whaur are ye then?

Thae ignorant editors! Likely the loons'll  
 No mention my speech at the last Pairish Council,  
 Nor yet my address at the Sabbath Schule Tea,  
 Nor the bonny bit blessin' was spoken by me.

Na, na! Gie me fac's aboot fouk that ye ken,  
 Nae Kings an' sic cratur's, but real livin' men:  
 The Bailies I've cracked wi', the Provosta I've met—  
 Gie me my Ideal, the *Anster Gazette*.

\* Angliè, Anstruther.

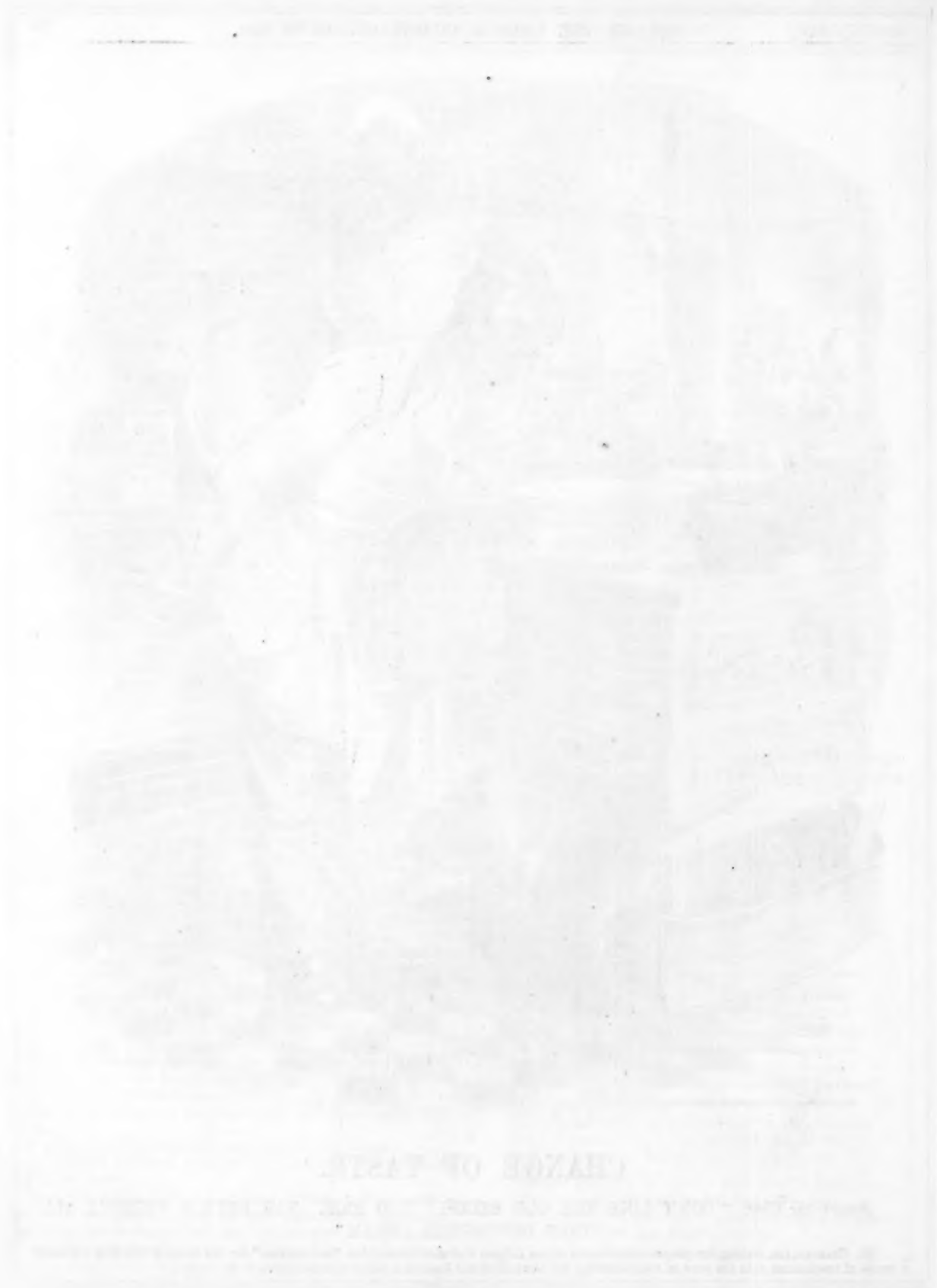


### CHANGE OF TASTE.

JOSEPH (*the Chef*). "DON'T LIKE THE OLD RECIPE. TOO RICH. FAR BETTER WITHOUT ALL THAT DEVONSHIRE CREAM."

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, finding the present constitution of the Liberal Unionist Council too "aristocratic" for his taste, is bringing forward a series of resolutions with the view of reconstituting the Council on the basis of a fuller representation of the Party.]





# CHARGE OF TASTE

THE CHARGE OF TASTE IS A SUBJECT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN THE ART OF WRITING.

IT IS THE DUTY OF THE WRITER TO BE GUIDED BY THE PRINCIPLES OF TASTE AND TO AVOID EVERYTHING THAT IS TRIVIAL OR COMMON.

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 9.*—Occasionally gentlemen below the Gangway, who know more of Parliamentary strategy than their pastors and masters soaring above it, complain of C.-B.'s tactics in Parliamentary warfare. All concede he had a happy thought when he selected THOMAS BURT to move rejection of Licensing Bill. The Member for MORPETH, a constant attendant on Front Bench, rarely offers a contribution to debate. Almost morbidly modest, he is hard to move from the conviction that what he has to say on any particular topic is not worth troubling mankind with. Nevertheless—perhaps consequently—there is none the House would rather hear than the ex-Secretary to the Board of Trade, who, as he mentions for the information of students of *Dod*, "commenced working in coal pits at an early age."

Following the HOME SECRETARY this afternoon he held in close attention the largest audience of the sitting. His deep, musical, Northumbrian burr recalls a countryman, colleague, and friend who long since left us. BURT has not the eloquence that adorned the infrequent speeches of JOE COWEN. That was a thing apart. The quaintly-dressed scholar and man of letters who sat for Newcastle-on-Tyne through the seventies was the last of the born orators found below the Gangway. Another, a contemporary who predeceased him, was P. J. SMYTH.

But though the ex-collier, who has represented MORPETH these thirty years, makes no effort at winged flight of oratory, his speech has excellent literary flavour, the sentences being perfectly turned, weighty in argument, informed by high personal character. The speech put a powerful spoke in the wheel of the Bill on this its first turning.

*Business done.*—Debate on Second Reading of Licensing Bill opened. The Lords busy with Education Bill introduced by Bishop of ST. ASAPH. A painstaking, ingenious device to ease the dead-lock in Wales created by Education Bill. Right Rev. brother of ST. DAVID's gave judicious measure of support. With the Welshman speaking in the House of Lords and the Northumbrian addressing the House of Commons one had flashed upon him sudden vision of the variety of race, each with native tongue, who people a geographically insignificant island.

"What line is ST. DAVID's taking?" SARK asked a noble Lord who was quitting the House.

"I am not quite sure," said the irreverent Peer. "As far as I can make out he is reading in his native tongue an early Welsh manuscript."



"EXCELLENT LITERARY FLAVOUR."

Mr. THOMAS BURT.

## House of Lords, Tuesday.

"No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth."

Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR. And as he murmured the words of DUNCAN, King of Scotland, he unconsciously put on royal air. The hand imperiously waved toward LORD CAWDOR conveyed subtle impression of holding a sceptre.

House generally in state of uproar unfamiliar in the placid atmosphere. Noble Lords on both sides cried "Order! Order!" just as if they were in the House of Commons, and the gentleman on his legs was an Irish Member.



Lord M-r-p-th follows the Member for Morpeth.

CAWDOR looked round in blank amazement. What was the matter? Had they all gone mad? Had Birnam Wood untimely come to Dunsinane? Had *Macduff* cried aloud the weird secret of his birth before receiving the cue?

CAWDOR really didn't know; all he was conscious of was that, he having risen with intent to say a few words, here was the whole House at his heels like a pack of hounds, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR mysteriously wagging his head and pointing at unseen things on the horizon.

As he stood with blanched cheek staring at demented Thanes, one whispered a word in his ear. Clapping his hand to his head he found it was true. In deep thought he had risen from his seat without removing his hat. Hence this outcry.

"Wouldn't you also like to put up your umbrella?" a noble Lord sympathetically whispered in his ear from a back bench.

A pleasing incident, varying the austere respectability of the Chamber. In the Commons it is not an unusual thing for a Member strolling out to a division to forget to remove his hat. The uproar that follows puts in the shade the emotion displayed by noble Lords to-night.

Affair brought into prominence peculiar difference between procedure in two Houses. The LORD CHANCELLOR, though he draws an additional £5000 a year for presiding over legislative Chamber, is not endowed with disciplinary authority. Had the third Earl of CAWDOR still been LORD EMLYN, with a seat in the Commons, his apparition with his hat on whilst he addressed the Chair would have been met by stern cry of "Order!" from the SPEAKER. All the LORD CHANCELLOR could do was to wave his arms, at first sight suggesting to the bewildered Chairman of the Great Western Railway the idea of a station porter directing the shunting of a train.

*Business done.*—LORD CAWDOR forgets to take off his hat.

*House of Commons, Wednesday.*—Commons had their burst of uproar to-day. Row in the Lords when Thane of CAWDOR presented himself in twentieth-century hat mere murmur by comparison. Happened at twenty minutes past seven. PRINCE ARTHUR resumed seat after winding up debate on second reading of Licensing Bill. House crowded in anticipation of division. Feeling of relief at conclusion of three days' drear debate. Just get division over in time to slip away and dress for dinner. Deputy Speaker risen to put question; found himself confronted by HERBERT ROBERTS, who had something to say, its deliverance designed to carry debate over half-past seven, and so necessitate resumption at fresh sitting.

Members gasped for a moment in pained astonishment. HERBERT ROBERTS of all Members, the mildest mannered man that ever cut in where he wasn't wanted. The silence, awful in its intensity, suddenly broken by anguished howl. A den of tigers seeing the lions' dinner carried past their cage, themselves apparently forgotten, could not exceed the roar of the gentlemen of England at the prospect of their dinner postponed.

HERBERT ROBERTS faltered, bending before the sudden hurricane like a sapling in a north-west gale. Members thinking they had frightened him almost out of life intermitted their roar. ROBERTS



"Stop, Stop!"

Porter H-lab-ry stops the Cawdor  
(Un-)Parliamentary.

seized opportunity to observe, "Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER—"

These were his first and last audible words. For ten minutes by Westminster clock he stood, his lips moving, his hand apparently emphasising argument or enforcing illustration. He was evidently making a speech, possibly in Welsh. He might an' he pleased have lapsed into that language or even worse without rebuke from the Chair. Not the faintest whisper of his voice rose above the uproar.

At twenty-five minutes past seven Colonel SANDYS jumped up and said something in a sentence. No one caught its drift; guessed he was moving the closure. Deputy Speaker made no sign. Prince ARTHUR lolling on Treasury Bench, discussing with ALFRED LYTTELTON moral

bearing of Chinese labour, seemed indifferent to episode that threatened upsetting of all business arrangements. Indifference assumed; eye furtively kept on the clock. When long hand moved almost within touch of half-past seven he rose. Gentlemen of England, still howling, varied their note into a wild cheer of welcome. Then silence whilst Prince ARTHUR moved that "the question be now put." Put it was, and Members with parched throats went forth into the division lobby.

*Business done.*—Second reading of Licensing Bill carried by 353 votes against 196.

*Friday night.*—Looking through a fresh book of "Memories" by Dr. KERR come upon a story whose moral will recommend it to Major RASCH in his crusade against long speeches.

One THOMAS THORP bequeathed his savings to a distant relative on condition that the legatee should place by his grave-side a tombstone, preserving his name for posterity, and throwing in a bit of poetry. On making enquiry the canny Scot upon whom fortune unexpectedly smiled discovered that inscriptions on tombstones cost so much a word. He gave instructions to a local artist to prepare one as short as possible. The stone-cutter after profound thought suggested the following:—

Here lies the corp  
Of THOMAS THORP.

The legatee, mindful of the condition of the bequest, but careful for shillings, spent a sleepless night in effort further to reduce the inscription. At length he succeeded, and in a far-off Scottish graveyard stands at this day a moderately sized headstone bearing this inscription:

THORP'S  
Corpse.

This triumphantly shows what can be done in the way of condensation, whether of speech or writing, if a man honestly gives his mind to it.

*Business done.*—Private Members'.

#### Startling Occurrence in a Post-office.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not subject to hallucinations, and this is what happened. I stood in the spacious hall of a post-office. Beside me a fellow citizen was transacting business with an official. Some slight error occurred, for which the official was to blame; imagine my feelings when I heard him pronounce these extraordinary words to the customer: "I beg your pardon, Sir."

Oh, Mr. Punch, Sir, is the Millennium near?

Yours in deep respect and agitation,  
A PLAIN MAN.

#### MORE SUSPICIONS.

It is hinted in the Lobby that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is in possession of information which gravely affects the character of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. An Irish Member chanced to be making a small purchase at a tobacconist's when the Chancellor came in, and after buying a twopenny Borneodora observed to the assistant, in a markedly significant manner, "It's a fine day to-day," thus implying that it might not be a fine day for the tobacconist on the morrow. The next day saw the introduction of the Budget. Mr. MACNEILL, it is understood, will put a question on the paper, and, save in the highly problematical case of a satisfactory explanation, will afterwards move the adjournment.

The energy of Mr. McKENNA is said to have unearthed another highly suspicious circumstance. The story is that on enquiring at the Civil Service Stores he found that on the day prior to the Budget Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's housekeeper purchased two pounds of 3s. 6d. tea in place of the one pound she usually bought. The attention of the Chancellor will be drawn to the growing practice of forestalling, and to move a resolution.

Lord LANSDOWNE's latest indiscretion will possibly be noticed on the Foreign Office Vote. Just before the publication of the Anglo-French Treaty, Mr. WEIR saw the Foreign Secretary and the French Ambassador drive up to the Foreign Office in a hansom. Lord LANSDOWNE allowed the Ambassador to pay the driver. Mr. WEIR says that of course he does not imply that the surrender of British rights in Morocco is a direct consequence of this, but he remarks very justly that it is most undesirable that an English Secretary of State should be under financial obligations to the Ambassador even of the most friendly nation.

On Doctor CLIFFORD's last visit to Oxford a reliable informant remarked to him that there had been a great increase in the quantity of firewood supplied to All Souls College recently. It is believed that Sir WILLIAM ANSON, in anticipation of an increase in Welsh Martyrs on the Education question, is trying to corner the faggot market. As Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed with a touch of old-world humour, "His prophets and ours are both at stake." But, jesting apart, there are in this case the elements of a very ugly scandal.

**FINEST QUALITY FIRST ARCHANGEL**  
Wanted, 1 in., 1½ in., and 1¼ in., 8 in. to 11 in.; must be dry.—*Contract Journal*.

But surely archangels are *always* thoroughly well-aired.





**A MODERN WOMAN. INNOCENCE UP TO DATE.**

Small Girl (to man who has been promising civilities, &c.). "YOU ARE A DEAR MAN! I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH—MORE THAN ANY OTHER, 'CEPT ONE. YOU SHALL BE MY SECOND HUSBAND!"

## THE NEW GAME.

[The papers announce that the Thibetans were to be seen "firing jingals from a jong into our camp." Since reading this the writer has lost all interest in other and simpler matters.]

TIME was I cared for cricket, golf,  
Bridge, billiards, and ping-pong;  
Cutting a ball to the ropes for four,  
Doubling a spade to the sixth or more  
When things were going wrong;  
But now I spend my evenings off  
In jingal-firing—from a jong.

Of old I had my hopes of bliss  
The coming years would bring:  
Lunching at large with a peer or two,  
Filling a page in the last "Who's  
Who"—

You know the kind of thing;  
But now my only joy is this—  
To fire a jongal from a jing.

Though editors despise my pen,  
And saxespences go bang,  
Creditors seize my only chair,  
Prison authorities cut my hair,  
I do not mind a hang:  
So long as, every now and then,  
I fire a jungle from a jang.

And, when upon my life you see  
The final curtain rung,  
With reverent head and on bended  
knee

This be the verse you grave for me:  
"Here lies unwept, unsung,  
All that is left of JONES—N.B.  
He fired a jangal from a jang."

## BATES.

BATES once told me that when he was a little boy he invariably took off his gloves if, on getting into an omnibus or railway carriage, he found his fellow-passengers were without those articles of attire. He did it, he said, out of consideration for their feelings. I was inclined to doubt it at the time, never having met the class of little boy to which BATES would appear to have belonged; but I can quite believe it now—since I presented BATES with that continental tobacco-pipe.

I bought it in Milan. Its clumsy head, made of some sort of imitation meerschaum, was surmounted by a hinged lid of metal of equally doubtful composition. Its wooden stem tapered off into a cork, which was supposed to fit into the head, but didn't. The genius who devised it had, however, provided for this peculiarity by mooring the head to the middle of the stem with a short cable of green cord, adorned with several tassels. Its mouthpiece had originally formed part of the horns, or the hoofs, of some animal or other.

I only smoked it once. If you so much as attempted to hold it in your

mouth, its weight made your teeth ache in five seconds. If you held it by the bowl, it burnt your fingers. If you held it by the stem, the head at once dropped off and was brought up by the cable with a jerk that sent the burning tobacco all over the carpet. Perhaps the genius meant you always to smoke it with the lid shut: but, so arranged, no person of ordinary lung capacity could make it draw. And, when it did draw, the flavour of tobacco was entirely lost in a combined sensation of overheated earthenware and singed horn.

I came to the conclusion, with mature consideration, that perhaps, after all, it was not intended for a pipe, but for a present. Then I thought of BATES—my dear, polite friend BATES—and remembered that I had returned from Italy without bringing him any little souvenir of my visit.

I presented it to him. "I've had one pipe out of it," I said, "just to take some of the newness off, you know. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"It's really very good of you to have remembered me," said BATES, as he carried the pipe away, "very good indeed—come round some evening."

I went round one evening—perhaps a week later. I expected that he would have had a struggle with the thing—brief but decisive, as mine had been—and would then have wisely hung it up over his mantelpiece as a curiosity. I should also, had it been anyone else but BATES, have been prepared to exercise due caution in accepting anything in the shape of a cigar that might be offered me.

"Now," said BATES, taking the pipe out of a drawer, as soon as we were comfortably settled in his den, "now I'll start. I thought that as you had been so good as to bring this all the way from Milan for me it would be only courteous to wait until you came, and celebrate the initiatory rites in your presence. I'm not much of a smoker, you know."

"Aren't you?" I said, uneasily; "in that case, perhaps—"

"What?" asked BATES, filling the capacious bowl.

"Nothing," I replied. "I thought you might prefer—"

"Cigarettes? Nasty things! Give me a pipe!" exclaimed BATES.

"I have," I remarked.

"And had a try at it, what?" said BATES.

"Once," I said. "I wish I hadn't!"

"Oh, I don't mind at all, my dear fellow," said BATES politely, as he struck a light and began puffing away.

I did not want to see him suffer, but I did not know what more to say. But somehow BATES got on with the horrible machine much better than I had done.

He grasped it firmly by the stem, and the bowl did not fall off; it seemed to draw beautifully; he threw back his head and smilingly blew rings with every appearance of enjoyment. It was I who suffered, and I was greatly relieved when at length he knocked out the ashes, and, examining the pipe critically for the fiftieth time, said, "Thanks awfully, old man; it is indeed very uncommon."

Presently I rose to go, and BATES accompanied me to the front door. The gardener was waiting in the hall.

"POTTS," said BATES, "will see you down the drive, old chap; it's rather dark. Good-night!"

I was marvelling at the extreme courtesy with which BATES treated his guests, when POTTS began to talk.

"I've had a rare job all this week," he said, "with that there forren pipe you give to Mas'r BATES. What wi' piecing it together wi' string, and blowing shag through it every morning in the greenhouse to get the taste out of it, till I were fair sick—I wouldn't take it on again, no, not if you was to give me five bob, I wouldn't."

I paid POTTS the amount of his damages. On the whole I think I prefer moderately rude people to such a "pine-apple of politeness" as BATES.

## TUBEROSES.

[A controversy is now raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* as to why, when the Tube is full, some ladies are offered seats while others are not. The statement of one correspondent that she is permitted to stand because she is young, pretty, and healthy-looking, has naturally roused resentment in the hearts of those who have been offered seats.]

WHEN the Tube is replete,  
And there isn't a seat  
Each morn as I travel to town,  
Some gallant I find,  
Judiciously kind,  
Who rises and lets me sit down.  
I smile, and he raises his hat—  
And I publicly certify that  
Though a bit over twenty  
Of graces I've plenty,  
And that's why she's jealous—  
The Cat!

It's an error, forsooth,  
To imagine that youth  
Is the only essential that pays;  
Why, a babe at romance  
Stands a very poor chance  
When matched with my womanly  
ways.  
It's the charms that are ripest  
that please,  
And I know, as I sit at my ease  
In the seats they surrender  
With glances so tender,  
They're longing to offer  
Their knees.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 9.—WAGNER's *Lohengrin*.—This is a German night, in which language the artists sing, and a majority of the audience talk. Enthusiastic applause at the end of every Act. Herr HEROLD as *Lohengrin* is somewhat nervous on his first appearance here, but if not yet quite "in it" with a certain JEAN, fresh in our memory, & certainly never once is he "a knight out." Fräulein DESTINN, rather "ein Kernmädle" for *Elsa*, is vocally and dramatically perfect. Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the sliest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

TWO OF A TRADE IN PERFECT HARMONY.  
Hans Richter conducts Signor Mancinelli, and Signor Mancinelli conducts Hans Richter, before the curtain, to receive the plaudits of the audience.

perfect. Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the sliest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

Tuesday, May 10.—*Rentrée* of Madame MELBA as *Juliette*

to the *Roméo* of M. SALEZA. Happy *Roméo*! The favourite prima donna, as *Juliette* writ large, perched up aloft in her balcony warbled her sweet notes, and inspired M. SALEZA to rise to the occasion, which he did, getting as far as the balcony of the verandah. The Botanical Friar was well represented by M. JOURNET; and once again Mlle. BAUERMEISTER

gave us her inimitable rendering of giddy *Gertrude*, the sly nurse (distinctly a near relative of that wicked dame *Martha* in *Faust*), between whom and old *Capulet* (M.



EGG AND HELMET TRICK—TWO TO ONE LAID.

On retiring, *Lohengrin* (Herr Herold) takes off his helmet, and finds that the swan has laid two to one on him.



SALEZA-ROMÉO BETWEEN JULIETTE MELBA AND JULIETTE ADAMS.

"How happy could I be with either!"

GILBERT) there is evidently something more than meets the eye. Congratulations to Signor MANCINELLI. Crowded house. Enthusiastic. QUEEN, Prince, Princess of WALES and Princess VICTORIA, all evidently pleased: ergo, to quote a portion of the tag of the ancient but universally popular farce, the Royal "Box is satisfied."

Wednesday, May 11.—*Tristan und Isolde* in Three Acts: done in German. Fräulein TERNINA unsurpassable as heroine; Herr BURRIAN as *Tristan* singing as well as acting first-rate. Enthusiastic calls: especially for Dr. RICHTER as representing company, orchestra and himself all rolled into one. Madame KIRKBY LUNN a fine *Brangäne*, and ditto for VAN ROOY as *Kurwenal*. Herr KNÜPFER's *Marke* equal to a sovereign.

Friday.—*Faust* in French, with chorus of Italian army. Symbolical of Harmonious Alliance. SUZANNE ADAMS a sweet *Marguerite*, sparkling among the brilliants in Mr. RYAN's perfectly lovely "garden scene."

Special success of Miss PARKINA as nice little boy lover, *Siebel*. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is most welcome to us all in her admirable impersonation of coquettish *Martha*. Jovial Monsieur JOURNET good, but not devilishly good, as *Mephisto*. FAURE was the great *Mephistopheles*; and 'tis difficult, at any time, to find one man equal to FAURE. Signor SCOTT acting and singing well as *Valentin*. M. DALMORES in make-up, acting and singing, a fair



As Telramund—Van Rooy-looral-looral. Startling effect!



*Faust.* M. COTREUIL cleverly takes the part of *Wagner*; GOUNOD knew what he was about when he gave *Wagner* an eccentric bit of music and then cut it short; artful. Under the safe conduct of Signor MANCINELLI *Faust* finished famously. Crowded house, for *Faust* is an old favourite, very hard to beat.

Altogether, on reviewing the first three weeks of the operatic season, the Singdicat may certainly shake hands with themselves at Whitsuntide, when those of their audience who can do so give themselves a few bars' rest and a change of air; and when, for those who can't, the Covent Garden Management is able to provide both frequent change of scene and continual change of air.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Letters from England (SMITH, ELDER) were written by Mrs. GEORGE BANCROFT, and cover the term during which her husband, the historian, filled the position of American Minister at the Court of St. James's. It was during the late Forties, a period full of social, literary and historical interest. Under the direction of a lively, keen-eyed lady, to whom everything in the old world was startlingly fresh, we get vivid peeps of well-known personages. Among the portraits, lightly sketched, are those of MACAULAY, the Duke of

CAMBRIDGE in his prime, the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, then a comparatively young thing known as Miss ANGELA COUTTS, Mr. and Mrs. DISRAELI, Sir GEORGE GREY, Lord MORPETH, Lord LANSDOWNE, TOM MOORE, and, not least informing, the Prince Consort. There are many notes of contact with Queen VICTORIA, then in the full bloom of early married life. My Baronite is especially delighted with the reference to Lady SUFFIELD. Belonging to one of the oldest high Tory families, so opposed was she to innovations that when, consequent upon the opening of a railway, her letters arrived at seven in the morning, she would never allow them to be opened till two in the afternoon. All her life, through mail-coach days, they had been delivered at that hour, and she was not going to change her habits because men made railways that ran (so they said) at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Like Queen ANNE, Lady SUFFIELD is dead, and has consequently been spared much suffering in the way of electric lights, electric trains, motor-cars, and dinner at half-past eight.

To all who are at the present moment interested in Japanese movements—and who is not?—the Baron persuasively recommends the perusal of a little book, brightly written, by CONSTANCE TAYLER, entitled *Koreans at Home* (CASSELL & Co.). The illustrations are both "plain and coloured"—the coloured individuals there represented being mostly uncommonly plain. The authoress is an observant raconteuse, of a ready pen and wit. One among many striking pictures is that of "An unmarried Korean Boy." This boy looks like a girl, and his age might be anything in the 'teens. Now, that one unique individual should be singled out from among all Koreans seems to imply that most Korean boys are married, and that this gay young bachelor, of, say fourteen or thereabouts, is a rare exception to the rule. The authoress, evidently appreciating his loneliness, shows us also a young "unmarried girl," who is evidently the very helpmate suitable to the aforesaid boy-bachelor. Early marriages, it seems, are encouraged in Korea; and, apparently, so also is serious flirtation; as in the very same plate is a portrait of a "Kisso or Messenger." Now what does the name of "Kisso" suggest? Lip-service. And if Master Kisso be "a messenger" is it not clear that he must be an *employé* of Korean Kupid? The Baron leaves the solution of this Korean problem to intelligent English

readers of both sexes. The "Emperor of KOREA" (p. 41), who looks here like a mechanical doll, may remind not a few of one of those quaint figures which that excellent ventriloquist, the late "Lieutenant COLE," used to such amusing purpose in his highly-popular entertainment. Facing p. 15 is a delightful portrait of "a Korean Bridegroom," who appears to have been awakened from slumber rather too early in the morning, and therefore has had only barely time to don a red dressing-gown, easy slippers, and to balance a tall-crowned straw hat, several sizes too small for him, on the top of his head, before going out into the street. If he be receiving visitors his attitude towards them must necessarily be very stiff, as the slightest nod on his part, not to mention any attempt at a bow or a shake of the hand, would immediately imperil the position of the hat. Altogether a most amusing and interesting book.

Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS publish *The United States in Our Own Time*, appropriately named, since the work is in form and style closely modelled on JUSTIN M'CARTHY's *History of Our Own Times* given by the firm to an appreciative world. Mr. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, sometime President of Brown University, is now Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. But there is nothing of the Professor in his way of writing. He is delightfully chatty, teeming with information, telling at rapid pace the marvellous history of the United States from reconstruction in 1870 up to the close of last year, which he notes as the date of expansion. The pages are full of pen-and-ink portraits, rapidly drawn with skilful hand, of men whose names are familiar to the British reader. The interest is increased by some five hundred illustrations, chiefly from photographs, snapshots of faces and places. A chapter my Baronite finds of special interest just now is that which deals with the question of Chinese immigration to California. An Irish immigrant named KEARNEY led the crusade against his yellow brother. "The Chinese must go," was the opening phrase of KEARNEY's multitudinous speeches, a declaration that never palled on the ears of the excited mob.

In writing *A Race with Ruin* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), Mr. HEADON HILL had his eye on a plot for a melodrama for Drury Lane or for the Adelphi, should the management of the latter theatre determine upon returning to its old line of business. Here in this novel is miching malecho with a vengeance, and matter sufficient for, say, quite a couple of thorough-going melodramas of the deepest dye, with the possibility of more than one powerful sensation scene, which would give the stage-manager, the scene-painter and the mechanist some fine opportunities. As to actors' chances, they are innumerable. From the experienced Romance and Novel Reader's point of view, which is also that of the astute "Skipper," the one serious fault in this melodramatic work is that the shadows of coming events are too clearly cast before them. By those virgin minds, however, that still retain their pristine innocence of all criminal procedure and proceedings, the sufferings of the victims, the energy of the good, the wiles of the villains, and the dodgery of the detectives, will be found matter exciting enough to keep their attention awake long after the hour of bed-time has sounded. But for "*nous autres*" *c'est vieux jeu*. By the way, there is a *vieux jeu* in it, who is as exceptionally good a character as the kindly old Mr. Riah in *Our Mutual Friend*, who was intended by DICKENS as a set-off against the villainous Fagin.

